LETHE.

A DRAMATIC SATIRE.

By *DAVID GARRICK.*

As it was perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane,*

By His MAJESTY's Servants.



BELFAST:

Printed by and for JAMES MAGEE in *Bridge ſtreet.*

M,DCC,LIX.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Æſop — Mr. *Bridges.*

Mercury — Mr. *Beard.*

Charon — Mr. *Winſtone.*

Poet
Frenchman } — Mr. *Garrick.*
Drunken Man

A Fine Gentleman Mr. *Woodward.*

Mr. Tatoo — Mr. *King.*

Old Man — Mr. *Taſwell.*

Taylor — Mr. *Yates.*

Mrs. Riot — Mrs. *Clive.*

Mrs. Tatoo — Mrs. *Green.*



LETHE.

SCENE *a Grove,*

With a View of the River Lethe.

CHARON *and* **ÆSOP** *discovered.*

CHARON.

PRITHEE, Philoſopher, what grand Affair is tranſacting upon Earth? There is ſomething of Importance going forward, I am ſure: for *Mercury* flew over the *Styx* this Morning, without paying me the uſual Compliments.

Æſop. I'll tell thee, *Charon*; this is the Anniverſary of the Rape of *Proſerpine*; on which Day for the future, *Pluto* has permitted her to demand from him ſomething for the Benefit of Mankind.

Char. I underſtand you;—his Majeſty's Paſſions, by a long Poſſeſſion of the Lady, are abated; and ſo, like a mere Mortal, he muſt now flatter her Vanity, and ſacrifice his Power, to atone for Deficiencies.—But what has our Royal Miſtreſs propoſed in behalf of her favourite Mortals?

Æſop. As Mankind, you know, are ever complaining of their Cares, and diſſatisfied with their Conditions, the generous *Proſerpine* has begged of *Pluto*, that they may have free Acceſs to the Waters of *Lethe*, as a ſovereign Remedy for their Complaints.—Notice has been already given above, and Proclamation made; *Mercury* is to conduct them to the *Styx*, you are to ferry 'em over to *Elyſium*, and I am placed here to diſtribute the Waters.

Char. A very pretty Employment I ſhall have of it, truly! If her Majeſty has often theſe Whims, I muſt petition the Court, either to build a Bridge over the River, or let me reſign my Employment. Do their Majeſties know the Difference of Weight between Souls and Bodies? However, I'll obey their Commands to the beſt of my Power; I'll row my crazy Boat over and meet 'em; but many of them will be relieved from their Cares before they reach *Lethe*.

Æſop. How ſo, *Charon?*

Char. Why, I ſhall leave half of them in the *Styx*; and any Water is a Specific againſt Care, provided it be taken in Quantity.

Enter Mercury.

Mer. Away to your Boat, *Charon;* there are ſome Mortals arriv'd; and the Females among 'em will be very clamorous, if you make 'em wait.

Char. I'll make what Haſte I can, rather than give thoſe fair Creatures a Topic for Converſation.

Noiſe within. Boat, Boat, Boat! Coming—coming—Zounds, you are in a plaguy Hurry, ſure!—No wonder theſe mortal Folks have ſo many Complaints when there's no Patience among 'em; if they were dead now, and to be ſettled here for ever, they'd be damn'd before they'd make ſuch a Rout to come over,—but Care I ſuppoſe is thirſty, and till they have drench'd themſelves with *Lethe*, there will be no Quiet among 'em; therefore I'll e'en to

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to work; and ſo Friend *Æſop*, and Brother *Mercury*, good bye to ye. [*Exit* Charon.

Æſop. Now to my Office of Judge and Examiner, in which, to the beſt of my Knowledge, I will act with Impartiality; for I will immediately relieve real Objects, and only divert myſelf with Pretenders.

Mer. Act as your Wiſdom directs, and conformable to your earthly Character, and we ſhall have few Murmurers.

Æſop. I ſtill retain my former Sentiments, never to refuſe Advice or Charity to thoſe that want either; Flattery and Rudeneſs ſhould be equally avoided; Folly and Vice ſhould never be ſpared; and though by acting thus you may offend many, yet you will pleaſe the better few; and the Approbation of one virtuous Mind, is more valuable than all the noiſy Applauſe, and uncertain Favours of the Great and Guilty.

Mer. Incomparable *Æſop!* both Men and Gods admire thee! We muſt now prepare to receive theſe Mortals: and leſt the Solemnity of the Place ſhould ſtrike 'em with too much Dread, I'll raiſe Muſic ſhall diſpel their Fears, and embolden them to approach.

SONG.

I.

Ye Mortals whom Fancies and Troubles perplex,
Whom Folly miſguides, and Infirmities vex;
Whoſe Lives hardly know what it is to be bleſt,
Who riſe without Joy, and lie down without reſt;
Obey the glad Summons, to Lethe *repair,*
Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your Care.

II.

Old Maids ſhall forget what they wiſh for in vain,
And young ones the Rover, they cannot regain;
The Rake ſhall forget how laſt Night he was cloy'd,
And Cloe *again be with Paſſion enjoy'd;*

Obey then the Summons, to Lethe *repair,*
And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

III.

The Wife at one Draught may forget all her wants,
Or drench her fond Fool, to forget her Gallants;
The troubled in Mind ſhall go chearful away,
And Yeſterday's Wretch be quite happy to-day;
Obey then the Summons, to Lethe *repair,*
Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your Care.

Æſop. Mercury, Charon has brought over one Mortal already, conduct him hither.

[*Exit* Mercury.

Now for a large Catalogue of Complaints, without the Acknowledgement of one ſingle Vice!—here he comes — if one may gueſs at his Cares by his Appearance, he really wants the Aſſiſtance of *Lethe.*

Enter Poet.

Poet. Sir, your humble Servant — your humble Servant — your Name is *Æſop* —— I know your Perſon intimately, though I never ſaw you before; and am well accquainted with you, though I never had the Honour of your Converſation.

Æſop. You are a dealer in Paradoxes, Friend.

Poet. I am a Dealer in all Parts of Speech, and in all the Figures of Rhetorick — I am a Poet, Sir — and to be a Poet and not accquainted with the great *Æſop*, is a greater Paradox than — I honour you extremely, Sir; you certainly, of all the Writers of Antiquity, had the greateſt, the ſublimeſt Genius, the —

Æſop. Hold, Friend, I hate Flattery.

Poet. My own Taſte exactly; — I aſſure you, Sir, no Man loves Flattery leſs than myſelf.

Æſop. So it appears, Sir, by your being ſo ready to give it away.

Poet.

Poet. You have hit it, Mr. *Æſop*, you have hit it — I have given it away, indeed — I did not receive one Farthing for my laſt Dedication, and yet would you believe it? — I abſolutely gave all the Virtues in Heaven to one of the loweſt Reptiles upon Earth.

Æſop. 'Tis hard, indeed, to do dirty Work for nothing.

Poet. Ay, Sir, to do dirty Work, and ſtill be dirty oneſelf, is the Stone of *Syſiphus*, and the Thirſt of *Tantalus*.—You *Greek* Writers indeed, carried your Point by Truth and Simplicity,—they won't do now a-days—our Patrons muſt be tickled into Generoſity—you gained the greateſt Favours, by ſhewing your own Merits, we can only gain the ſmalleſt, by publiſhing thoſe of other People.—You flouriſhed by Truth, we ſtarve by Fiction; *Tempora mutantur.*

Æſop. Indeed, Friend, if we may gueſs by your preſent Plight, you have proſtituted your Talents to very little Purpoſe.

Poet. To very little, upon my Word,—but they ſhall find that I can open another Vein—Satire is the Faſhion, and Satire they ſhall have—let 'em look to it, I can be ſharp as well as ſweet—I can ſcourge as well as tickle, I can bite as.—

Æſop. You can do any thing, no doubt; but to the Buſineſs of this Viſit, for I expect a great deal of Company—What are your Troubles, Sir?

Poet. Why, Mr. *Æſop*, I am troubled with an odd kind of a Diſorder—I have a ſort of a Whiſtling—a Singing—a Whizzing as it were in my Head, which I cannot get rid of—

Æſop. Our Waters give no Relief to bodily Diſorders, they only affect the Memory.

Poet. From whence all my Diſorder proceeds—I'll tell you my Caſe, Sir—You muſt know, I wrote a Play ſome time ago, preſented a Dedication of it to a certain young Nobleman—He approved and accepted of it, but before I could taſte his Bounty, my Piece

was unfortunately damn'd:—I loſt my Benefit, nor could I have Recourſe to my Patron, for I was told that his Lordſhip play'd the beſt Catcall the firſt Night, and was the merrieſt Perſon in the whole Audience.

Æſop. Pray, what do you call damning a Play?—

Poet. You cannot poſſibly be ignorant, what it is to be damn'd, Mr. *Æſop?*

Æſop. Indeed I am, Sir,—We had no ſuch thing among the *Greeks.*

Poet. No, Sir!—No Wonder then that you *Greeks* were ſuch fine Writers—It is impoſſible to be deſcrib'd, or truly felt, but by the Author himſelf—If you could but get a Leave of Abſence from this World for a few Hours, you might perhaps have an Opportunity of ſeeing it yourſelf—There is a Sort of a new Piece comes upon our Stage this very Night, and I am pretty ſure it will meet with its Deſerts, at leaſt it ſhall not want my helping Hand, rather than you ſhould be diſappointed of ſatisfying your Curioſity.

Æſop. You are very obliging, Sir;——but to your own Misfortunes if you pleaſe.

Poet. Envy, Malice and Party deſtroy'd me—You muſt know, Sir, I was a great Damner myſelf, before I was damn'd—So the Frolicks of Youth were returned to me with double Intereſt from my Brother Authors—But, to ſay the Truth, my Performance was terribly handled before it appear'd in publick.

Æſop. How ſo, pray?

Poet. Why Sir, ſome ſqueamiſh Friends of mine prun'd it of all the Bawdy and Immorality, the Actors did not ſpeak a Line of the Senſe or Sentiment, and the Manager, (who writes himſelf) ſtruck out all the Wit and Humour, in order to lower my Performance to a Level with his own.

Æſop. Now, Sir, I am acquainted with your Caſe, what have you to propoſe?

Poet Notwithſtanding the Succeſs of my firſt Play, I am ſtrongly perſuaded that my next may defy the Severity

Severity of Criticks, the Sneer of Wits, and the Malice of Authors?

Æſop. What! have you been hardy enough to attempt another?

Poet. I muſt eat, Sir—I muſt live—but when I ſit down to write, and am glowing with the Heat of my Imagination, then this damn'd Whiſtling—or Whizzing in my Head, that I told you of, ſo diſorders me, that I grow giddy—In ſhort, Sir, I am haunted, as it were, with the Ghoſt of my deceas'd Play, and its dying Groans are for ever in my Ears—Now, Sir, if you will give me but a Draught of *Lethe*, to forget this unfortunate Performance, it will be of more real Service to me than all the Waters of *Helicon*.

Æſop. I doubt, Friend, you cannot poſſibly write better, by merely forgetting that you have written before: beſides, if, when you drink to the Forgetfulneſs of your own Works, you ſhould unluckily forget thoſe of other People too, your next Piece will certainly be the worſe for it.

Poet. You are certainly in the right——What then would you adviſe me to?

Æſop. Suppoſe you could prevail upon the Audience to drink the Water; their forgetting your former Work, might be of no ſmall Advantage to your future Productions.

Poet. Ah, Sir! if I could but do that—but I am afraid—*Lethe* will never go down with the Audience.

Æſop. Well, ſince you are bent upon it, I ſhall indulge you——If you pleaſe to walk in that Grove, (which will afford you many Subjects for your poetical Contemplation) till I have examin'd the reſt, I will diſmiſs you in your Turn.

Poet. And I in return, Sir, will let the World know, in a Preface to my next Piece, that your Politeneſs is equal to your Sagacity, and that you are as much the fine Gentleman as the Philoſopher.

[*Exit* Poet.

Æſop.

Æſop. Oh! your Servant, Sir——In the Name of Miſery and Mortality who have we here!

Enter an Old Man, *ſupported by a* Servant.

Old Man. Oh la! oh! bleſs me, I ſhall never recover the Fatigue—Ha! what are you Friend? Are you the famous *Æſop?* And are you ſo kind, ſo very good to give People the Waters of Forgetfulneſs for nothing?

Æſop. I am that Perſon, Sir; but you ſeem to have no need of my Waters; for you muſt have already out-liv'd your Memory.

Old Man. My Memory is indeed impair'd, it is not ſo good as it was; but ſtill it is better than I wiſh it, at leaſt in regard to one Circumſtance; there is one Thing which ſits very heavy at my Heart, and which I would willingly forget.

Æſop. What is it, pray?

Old Man. Oh la—oh;——I am horribly fatigued ——I am an old Man, Sir, turn'd of Ninety—— We are all mortal, you know, ſo I would fain forget, if you pleaſe——that I am to die.

Æſop. My good Friend, you have miſtaken the Virtue of the Waters: They can cauſe you to forget only what is paſt; but if this was in their Power, you would ſurely be your own Enemy, in deſiring to forget what ought to be the only Comfort of one, ſo poor and wretched as you ſeem. What! I ſuppoſe now you have left ſome dear loving Wife behind, that you can't bear to think of parting with.

Old Man. No, no, no; I have buried my Wife, and forgot her long ago.

Æſop. What, you have Children then, whom you are unwilling to leave behind you?

Old Man. No, no; I have no Children at preſent ——hugh——I don't know what I may have.

Æſop. Is there any Relation or Friend, the Loſs of whom.——

Old

Old Man. No, no; I have out-lived all my Relations; and as for Friends——I have none to loſe——

Æſop. What can be the Reaſon then, that in all this apparent Miſery you are ſo afraid of Death, which would be your only Cure?

Old Man.——Oh, Lord!——I have one Friend, and a true Friend indeed, the only Friend in whom a wiſe Man places any Confidence——I have ——Get a little farther off, *John*——[*Servant retires.*] I have, to ſay the Truth, a little Money—— it is that indeed which cauſes all my uneaſineſs.

Æſop. Thou never ſpok'ſt a truer Word in thy Life, old Gentleman——[*Aſide*] But I can cure you of your uneaſineſs immediately.

Old Man. Shall I forget then that I am to die, and leave my Money behind me?

Æſop. No——but you ſhall forget that you have it——which will do altogether as well——One large Draught of *Lethe* to the Forgetfulneſs of your Money, will reſtore you to perfect Eaſe of Mind; and and as for your bodily Pains, no Waters can relieve them.

Old Man. What does he ſay, *John* —eh?——I am hard of Hearing.

John. He adviſes your Worſhip to drink to forget your Money.

Old Man. What!——what!——will his Drink get me Money, does he ſay?

Æſop. No, Sir, the Waters are of a wholſomer Nature—for they'll teach you to forget your Money.

Old Man. Will they ſo?——Come, come, *John*, we are got to the wrong Place——The poor old Fool here does not know what he ſays——Let us go back again, *John*—I'll drink none of your Waters not I——Forget my Money! come along *John*.

[*Exeunt.*

Æſop. Was there ever ſuch a Wretch! If theſe are the Cares of Mortals, the Waters of Oblivion cannot cure them.

Re-enter

Re-enter Old Man *and* Servant.

Old Man. Lookee Sir, I am come a great Way, and am loth to refuſe Favours that coſt nothing—ſo I don't care if I drink a little of your Waters—— Let me ſee—ay—I'll drink to forget how I got my Money———And my Servant there, he ſhall drink a little, to forget that I have any Money at all—— and, d'ye hear, *John*—take a hearty Draught. If my Money muſt be forgot, why e'en let him forget it.

Æſop. Well, Friend, it ſhall be as you would have it———You'll find a Seat in that Grove yonder, where you may reſt yourſelf till the Waters are diſtributed.

Old Man. I hope it won't be long, Sir, for Thieves are buſy now—and I have an Iron Cheſt in the other World, that I ſhould be ſorry any one peep'd into but myſelf—So pray be quick, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Æſop. Patience, Patience, old Gentleman——— But here comes ſomething tripping this Way, that ſeems to be neither Man nor Woman, and yet an odd Mixture of both.

Enter a fine Gentleman.

Fine Gent. Harkee, old Friend, do you ſtand Drawer here?

Æſop. Drawer, young Fop, do you know where you are, and who you talk to?

Fine Gent. Not I, dem me! But 'tis a Rule with me, wherever I am, or whoever I am with, to be always eaſy and familiar.

Æſop. Then let me adviſe you, young Gentleman, to drink the Waters, and forget that Eaſe and Familiarity.

Fine Gent. Why ſo, Daddy? would you not have me well bred?

Æſop.

Æſop. Yes; but you may not always meet with People ſo polite as yourſelf, or ſo paſſive as I am; and if what you call Breeding, ſhould be conſtru'd Impertinence, you may have a Return of Familiarity, may make you repent your Education as long as you live.

Fine Gent. Well ſaid, old Dry-beard, egad you have a Smattering of an odd kind of a ſort of a Humour; but come, come, prithee give me a Glaſs of your Waters, and keep your Advice to yourſelf.

Æſop. I muſt firſt be informed, Sir, for what Purpoſe you drink 'em.

Fine Gent. You muſt know, Philoſopher, I want to forget two Qualities——My *Modeſty* and my *Good-nature.*

Æſop. Your Modeſty and Good-nature!

Fine Gent. Yes, Sir—I have ſuch a conſummate *Modeſty*, that when a fine Woman (which is often the Caſe) yields to my Addreſſes, egad I run away from her; and I am ſo very *good-natured*, that when a Man affronts me, egad I run away too.

Æſop. As for your Modeſty, Sir, I am afraid you are come to the wrong Waters—and if you will take a large Cup to the Forgetfulneſs of your Fears, your Good-nature, I believe, will trouble you no more.

Fine Gent. And this is your Advice, my Dear, eh?

Æſop. My Advice, Sir, would go a great deal farther—I ſhould adviſe you to drink to the Forgetfulneſs of every thing you know.

Fine Gent. The Devil you would; then I ſhould have travell'd to a fine Purpoſe truly; you don't imagine, perhaps, that I have been three Years abroad, and have made the Tour of *Europe?*

Æſop. Yes, Sir, I gueſs'd you had travell'd by your Dreſs and Converſation: But pray, (with Submiſſion) what valuable Improvements have you made in theſe Travels?

Fine Gent. Sir, I learnt Drinking in *Germany*, Muſick and Painting in *Italy*, Dancing, Gaming, and ſome

ſome other Amuſements, at *Paris*; and in *Holland*—faith, nothing at all; I brought over with me the beſt Collection of *Venetian* Ballads, two Eunuchs, a *French* Dancer, and a Monkey, with Tooth-picks, Pictures and Burlettas—In ſhort, I have ſkim'd the Cream of every Nation, and have the Conſolation to declare, I never was in any Country in my Life, but I had Taſte enough thoroughly to deſpiſe my own.

Æſop. Your Country is greatly oblig'd to you—but if you are ſettled in it now, how can your Taſte and Delicacy endure it?

Fine Gent. Faith my Exiſtence is merely ſupported by Amuſements: I dreſs, viſit, ſtudy Taſte, and write Sonnets; by Birth, Travel, Education, and natural Abilities, I am entitled to lead the Faſhion; I am principal Connoiſſeur at all Auctions, chief Arbiter at Aſſemblies, profeſs'd Critic at the Theatres, and a fine Gentleman—every where——

Æſop. Critic, Sir, pray what's that?

Fine Gent. The Delight of the Ingenious, the Terror of Poets, the Scourge of Players, and the Averſion of the Vulgar.

Æſop. Pray, Sir, (for I fancy your Life muſt be ſomewhat particular) how do you paſs your Time; the Day, for Inſtance?

Fine Gent. I lie in Bed all Day, Sir.

Æſop. How do you ſpend your Evenings then?

Fine Gent. I dreſs in the Evening, and go generally behind the Scenes of both Play-houſes; not, you may imagine to be diverted with the Play, but to intrigue, and ſhew myſelf—— I ſtand upon the Stage, talk loud and ſtare about—which confounds the Actors, and diſturbs the Audience: upon which the Galleries, who hate the Appearance of one of us, begin to *hiſs*, and cry *off*, *off*, while I undaunted, ſtamp my Foot ſo—loll with my Shoulder thus—take Snuff with my Right hand, and ſmile ſcornfully—thus—— This exaſperates

aſperates the Savages, and they attack us with Vollies of ſuck'd Oranges, and half eaten Pippins—

Æſop. And you retire.

Fine Gent. Without doubt, if I am ſober— for Orange will ſtain Silk, and an Apple may diſfigure a Feature.

Æſop. I am afraid, Sir, for all this, that you are oblig'd to your own Imagination, for more than three Fourths of your Importance.

Fine Gent. Damn the old Prig, I'll bully him— [*Aſide*] Lookee old Philoſopher, I find you have paſs'd your Time ſo long in Gloom and Ignorance below here, that our Notions above Stairs are too refined for you; ſo as we are not likely to agree, I ſhall cut Matters very ſhort with you—Bottle me off the Waters I want, or you ſhall be convinc'd that I have Courage, in the drawing of a Cork;——diſpatch me inſtantly, or I ſhall make bold to throw you into the River and help myſelf—What ſay you to that now? eh?

Æſop. Very civil and conciſe! I have no great Inclination to put your Manhood to the Trial; ſo if you will be pleas'd to walk in the Grove there, 'till I have examined ſome I ſee coming, we'll compromiſe the Affair between us.

Fine Gent. Yours as you behave,—au Revoir! [*Exit* Beau.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Tatoo.

Mrs. Tatoo. Why don't you come along, Mr. *Tatoo?* what the deuce are you afraid of?

Æſop. Don't be angry, young Lady; the Gentleman is your Huſband, I ſuppoſe.

Mrs. Tat. How do you know that, eh? What, you an't all Conjurers in this World, are you?

Æſop. Your Behaviour to him is a ſufficient Proof of his Condition, without the Gift of Conjuration.

Mrs. Tat. Why, I was as free with him before Marriage, as I am now; I never was coy or prudiſh in my Life.

Æſop

Æſop. I believe you, Madam; pray how long have you been married? you ſeem to be very young, Lady?

Mrs. Tat. I am old enough for a Huſband, and have been married long enough to be tired of one.

Æſop. How long, pray?

Mrs. Tat. Why, above three Months; I married Mr. *Tatoo* without my Guardian's Conſent.

Æſop. If you married him with your own Conſent, I think you might continue your Affections a little longer.

Mrs. Tat. What ſignifies what you think, if I don't think ſo?—We are quite tired of one another, and are come to drink ſome of your Le—Lethaly —Leithily, I think they call it, to forget one another, and be unmarried again.

Æſop. The Waters can't divorce you, Madam; and you may eaſily forget him, without the Aſſiſtance of *Lethe*.

Mrs. Tat. Ay; how ſo?

Æſop. By remembering continually he is your Huſband; there are ſeveral Ladies have no other Receipt ——But what does the Gentleman ſay to this?

Mrs. Tat. What ſignifies what he ſays? I an't ſo young and ſo fooliſh as that comes to, to be directed by my Huſband, or to care what either he ſays, or you ſay.

Mr. Tat. Sir, I was a Drummer in a Marching Regiment, when I ran away with that young Lady—I immediately bought out of the Corps, and thought myſelf made for ever; little imagining that a poor vain Fellow was purchaſing Fortune, at the Expence of his Happineſs.

Æſop. 'Tis even ſo, Friend; Fortune and Felicity are as often at Variance as Man and Wife.

Mr. Tat. I found it ſo, Sir,—This high Life (as I thought it) did not agree with me; I have not laugh'd, and ſcarcely ſlept ſince my Advancement, and unleſs your Wiſdom can alter her Notions, I muſt e'en

e'en quit the Bleſſings of a fine Lady and her Portion, and for Content, have Recourſe to Eight Pence a Day, and my Drum again.

Æſop. Pray who has adviſ'd you to a Separation?

Mrs. Tat. Several young Ladies of my Acquaintance, who tell me they are not angry at me for marrying him, but being fond of him now I have married him; and they ſay I ſhould be as compleat a fine Lady as any of 'em, if I would but procure a *ſeparate Divorcement.*

Æſop. Pray, Madam, will you let me know what you call a fine Lady?

Mrs. Tat. Why, a fine Lady, and a fine Gentleman, are two of the fineſt Things upon Earth.

Æſop. I have juſt now had the Honour of knowing what a fine Gentleman is; ſo pray confine yourſelf to the Lady.

Mrs. Tat. A fine Lady before Marriage, lives with her Papa and Mamma, who breed her up till ſhe learn to deſpiſe 'em, and reſolves to do nothing they bid her; this makes her ſuch a prodigious Favourite, that ſhe wants for nothing.

Æſop. So, Lady.

Mrs. Tat. When once ſhe is her own Miſtreſs, then comes the Pleaſure!———

Æſop. Pray let us hear.

Mrs. Tat. She lies in Bed all Morning, rattles about all Day, and ſits up all Night; ſhe goes every where, and ſees every thing; knows every body, and loves no body; ridicules her Friends, coquets with her Lovers, ſets them together by the Ears, tells Fibs, makes Miſchief, buys China, cheats at Cards, keeps a Pug-dog, and hates the Parſons; ſhe laughs much, talks aloud, never bluſhes, ſays what ſhe will, does what ſhe will, goes where ſhe will, marries whom ſhe pleaſes, hates her Huſband in a Month, breaks his Heart in four, becomes a Widow, ſlips from her Gallants, and begins the World again—There's a Life

for you? What do you think of a fine Lady now?

Æſop. As I expected—you are very young, Lady! and if you are not very careful, your natural Propenſity to Noiſe and Affectation, will run you headlong into Folly, Extravagance, and Repentance.

Mrs. Tat. What would you have me do?

Æſop. Drink a large Quantity of *Lethe* to the Loſs of your Acquaintance: and do you, Sir, drink another to forget this falſe Step of your Wife; for whilſt you remember her Folly, you can never thoroughly regard her, and whilſt you keep good Company, Lady, as you call it, and follow their Example, you can never have a juſt Regard for your Huſband; ſo both drink and be happy.

Mrs. Tat. Well, give it me whilſt I am in Humour, or I ſhall certainly change my Mind again.

Æſop. Be patient, till the reſt of the Company drink, and divert yourſelf, in the mean time, with walking in the Grove.

Mrs. Tat. Well, come along, Huſband, and keep me in Humour, or I ſhall beat you ſuch an Alarm, as you never beat in all your Life.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs.* Tattoo.

Enter Frenchman, *ſinging.*

French. Monſieur, votre Serviteur—pourquoi ne repondez vous pas?—Je dis que je ſuis votre Serviteur——

Æſop. I don't underſtand you, Sir——

French. Ah le Barbare! il ne parle pas *Francois*—Vat, Sir, you no ſpeak de *French* Tongue?

Æſop. No really, Sir, I am not ſo polite.

French. En verité Monſieur *Eſope*, you have not much Politeſſe, if one may be Judge by your Figure and Appearance.

Æſop. Nor you much Wiſdom, if one may judge of your Head, by the Ornaments about it.

French.

French. Qu'eſt cela donc? Vat you mean to front a Man, Sir?

Æſop. No, Sir, 'tis to you I am ſpeaking.

French. Vel, Sir, I not a Man! vat is you take me for? vat I a Beaſt? vat I a Horſe? parbleu!

Æſop. If you inſiſt upon it, Sir, I would adviſe you to lay aſide your Wings and Tail, for they undoubtedly eclipſe your Manhood.

French. Upon my Vard, Sir, if you treat a Gentilhomme of my Rank and Qualitē comme ca, depen upon it, I ſhall be a littel en Cavalier vit you.

Æſop. Pray, Sir, of what Rank and Quality are you?

French. Sir, I am a Marquiſs *Francois*, j'entens les Beaux Arts, Sir, I have been an Avanturier all over the Varld, and am ā preſent en *Angleterre*, in *Ingland*, vere I am more honorē and careſs, den ever I vas in my own Countrie, or inteed any vere elſe—

Æſop. And pray, Sir, what is your Buſineſs in *England?*

French. I am arrivē dere, Sir, pour polir la Nation— de *Inglis*, Sir, have too much a Lead in deir Heel, and too much a Tought in deir Head, ſo, Sir, if I can lighten bote, I ſhall make dem tout ā fait *Francois*, and quite anoder ting.

Æſop. And pray, Sir, in what particular Accompliſhments does your Merit conſiſt?

French. Sir, I ſpeak de *French*, j'ai bonne Addreſſe, I dance un Minuet, I ſing des littel Chanſons, and I have—une tolerable Aſſurance: En fin, Sir, my Merit conſiſt in one Vard—I am Foreignere—and, entre nous—vile de *Englis* be ſo great a Fool to love de Foreignere better dan demſelves, de Foreignere vould ſtill be more great a Fool, did dey not leave deir own Counterie vere dey have noting at all, and come to *Inglande*, vere dey vant for noting at all, perdie—Ceſa n'eſt il pas vrai, Monſieur *Æſope?*

Æſop. Well, Sir, what is your Buſineſs with me?

French. Attendez un peu, you ſhall hear, Sir,—I am in Love vith the grande Fortune of one *Engliſh* Lady; and de Lady, ſhe be in Love with my Qualitē and Bagatelles. Now, Sir, me vant twenty or tirty Douzaines of your Vaters, for fear I be obligé to leave *Inglande*, before I have fini dis grande Affaire.

Æſop. Twenty or thirty Dozen! for what?

French. For my Crediteurs; to make 'em forget the Vay to my Logement, and no trouble me for the future.

Æſop. What! have you ſo many Creditors?

French. So many! begar I have 'em dans tous les Quartiers de la Ville, in all Parts of the Town, fait—

Æſop. Wonderful and ſurpriſing!

French. Vonderful! Vat is vonderful—dat I ſhould borrow Money?

Æſop. No, Sir, that any body ſhould lend it you—

French. En verité vous vous trompez: you do miſtake it, mon Ami: If Fortune give me no Money, Nature give me des Talens; j'ai des Talens, Monſieur *Æſope*; vich are de ſame ting—par Example; de *Engliſhman* have de Money, I have de Flatterie and bonne Addreſſe; and a little of dat from a *French* Tongue is very good Credit and Securité for touſand Pound—Eh! bien donc, ſal I have this twenty or tirty Douzaines of your Vater? Ouy ou non?

Æſop. 'Tis impoſſible, Sir.

French. Impoſſible! pourquoi donc? vy not?

Æſop. Becauſe if every fine Gentleman, who owes Money, ſhould make the ſame Demand, we ſhould have no Water left for our other Cuſtomers.

French. Que voulez vous que je faſſe donc? Vat muſt I do den, Sir?

Æſop. Marry the Lady as ſoon as you can, pay your Debts with Part of her Portion, drink the Water to forget your Extravagance, retire with her to your own Country, and be a better Oeconomiſt for the future.

French.

French. Go to my own Contré! — Je vous demande Pardon, I had much rather ſtay vere I am; cannot go dere, upon my Vard ——

Æſop. Why not, my Friend?

French. Entre nous, I had much rather paſs for one *French* Marquis in *Inglande*, keep bonne Compagnie, manger des Delicateſſes, and do noting at all; than keep a Shop en *Provence*, couper and friſſer les Cheveux, and live upon Soupe and Sallade the reſt of my Life ———

Æſop. I cannot blame you for your Choice, and if other People are ſo blind not to diſtinguiſh the Barber from the fine Gentleman, their Folly muſt be their Puniſhment— Therefore, go to the reſt of the Company, and you ſhall take the Benefit of the Water, with them.

French. Monſieur *Æſope*, ſans Flatterie ou Compliments, I am your very humble Serviteur —*Jean Friſſeron* en *Provence*, ou le Marquis de *Poulville* en *Angleterre*. [*Exit* Frenchman.

Æſop. Shield me and defend me! another fine Lady!

Enter Mrs. Riot.

Mrs. Riot. A Monſter! a filthy Brute! your Watermen are as unpolite upon the *Styx* as upon the *Thames*— Stow a Lady of Faſhion with Tradeſmen's Wives and Mechanics— Ah! what's this *Serbeeras* or *Plutus!* [*ſeeing* Æſop] am I to be frighted with all the Monſters of this *internal* World?

Æſop. What is the Matter, Lady?

Mrs. Riot. Every thing is the Matter, my Spirits are uncompos'd, and every Circumſtance about me in a perfect Dilemma.

Æſop. What has diſorder'd you thus?

Mrs. Riot. Your filthy Boatman, *Scarroon*, there.

Æſop. Charon, Lady, you mean.

Mrs. Riot. And who are you? you ugly Creature

you; if I ſee any more of you, I ſhall die with *Temerity*.

Æſop. The wiſe think me handſome, Madam.

Mrs. Riot. I hate the Wiſe; but who are you?

Æſop. I am *Æſop*, Madam, honoured this Day by *Proſerpine* with the Diſtribution of the Waters of *Lethe*; command me.

Mrs. Riot. Shew me to the Pump Room then, Fellow — where's the Company — I die in Solitude.

Æſop. What Company?

Mrs. Riot. The beſt Company, People of Faſhion the *Beau Monde!* ſhew me to none of your gloomy Souls, who wander about in your Groves and Streams —ſhew me to glittering Balls, enchanting Maſquerades, raviſhing Operas, and all the polite Enjoyments of *Elyſian*.

Æſop. This is a Language unknown to me, Lady —No ſuch fine Doings here, and very little good Company (as you call it) in *Elyſium*——

Mrs. Riot. What! no Operas! eh! no *Elyſian* then! [*Sings fantaſtically in* Italian.] *'Sfortunato Monticelli!* baniſh'd *Elyſian*, as well as the *Hay-market!* Your Taſte here, I ſuppoſe, riſes no higher than your *Shakeſpears* and your *Johnſons*; oh you *Goats* and *Vandils!* in the Name of Barbarity take 'em to yourſelves, we are tired of them upon Earth—one goes indeed to a Playhouſe ſometimes, becauſe one does not know how elſe one can kill one's Time—every body goes, becauſe——becauſe——all the World's there — but for my Part — call *Scaroon*, and let him take me back again, I'll ſtay no longer here ——ſtupid Immortals!

Æſop. You are a happy Woman, that have neither Cares nor Follies to diſturb you.

Mrs. Riot. Cares! ha! ha! ha! Nay, now I muſt laugh in your ugly Face, my Dear: What Cares, does your Wiſdom think, can enter into the Circle of a fine Lady's Enjoyments?

Æſop.

Æſop. By the Account I have juſt heard of a fine Lady's Life, her very Pleaſures are both Follies and Cares? ſo drink the Water, and forget them, Madam.

Mrs. Riot. Oh gad! that was ſo like my Huſband now — forget my Follies! forget the Faſhion, forget my Being, the very *Quinceſſence* and *Emptity* of a fine Lady! the Fellow would make me as great a Brute as my Huſband.

Æſop. You have a Huſband then, Madam?

Mrs. Riot. Yes — I think ſo —— an Huſband and no Huſband — Come, fetch me ſome of your Water; if I muſt forget ſomething, I had as good forget him, for he's grown inſufferable o'late.

Æſop. I thought, Madam, you had nothing to complain of——

Mrs. Riot. One's Huſband, you know, is almoſt next to nothing.

Æſop. How has he offended you?

Mrs. Riot. The Man talks of nothing but his Money and my Extravagance — won't remove out of the filthy City, though he knows I die for the other End of the Town; nor leave off his naſty Merchandizing, though I've labour'd to convince him, he loſes Money by it. The Man was once tolerable enough, and let me have Money when I wanted it; but now he's never out of a Tavern, and is grown ſo valiant, that, do you know — he has preſum'd to contradict me, and refuſe me Money upon every Occaſion.

Æſop. And all this without any Provocation on your Side?

Mrs. Riot. Laud! how ſhould I provoke him? I ſeldom ſee him, very ſeldom ſpeak to the Creature, unleſs I want Money; beſides, he's out all Day.——

Æſop. And you all Night, Madam; is it not ſo?

Mrs. Riot. I keep the beſt Company, Sir, and Daylight is no agreeable Sight to a polite Aſſembly; the Sun is very well and comfortable, to be ſure, for the lower Part of the Creation; but to Ladies who

have a true Taſte of Pleaſure, Wax Candles, or no Candles, are preferable to all the Sun-beams in the Univerſe.

Æſop. Prepoſterous Fancy!

Mrs. Riot. And ſo, moſt delicate ſweet Sir, you don't approve my Scheme; ha! ha! ha! — oh you ugly Devil you! have you the Vanity to imagine, People of Faſhion will mind what you ſay; or that to learn Politeneſs and Breeding, it is neceſſary to take a Leſſon of Morality out of *Æſop*'s Fables — ha! ha! ha!

Æſop. It is neceſſary to get a little Reflection ſome where; when theſe Spirits leave you, and your Senſes are ſurfeited, what muſt be the Conſequence? ——

Mrs. Riot. Oh, I have the beſt Receipt in the World for the Vapours; and leſt the Poiſon of your Precepts ſhou'd taint my Vivacity, I muſt beg leave to take it now, by way of *Anecdote*.

Æſop. Oh by all means — Ignorance and Vanity!

Mrs. Riot. (*Drawing out a Card,*) Lady *Rantan*'s Compliments to Mrs. *Riot*.

SONG.

I.

The Card invites, in Crouds we fly
To join the jovial Rout, *full Cry;*
What Joy from Cares and Plagues all Day,
To hie to the Midnight Hark-away.

II.

Nor Want, nor Pain, nor Grief, nor Care,
Nor droniſh Husbands enter there;
The Briſk, the Bold, the Young and Gay,
All hie to the Midnight Hark-away.

III.

Uncounted ſtrikes the Morning Clock,
And drowſy Watchmen idly knock;

Till

Till Day-light peeps, we ſport and play,
And roar to the jolly Hark-away.

IV.

When tir'd with Sport, to bed we creep,
And kill the tedious Day with Sleep;
To-morrow's welcome Call obey,
And again to the Midnight Hark-away.

Mrs. Riot. There's a Life for you, you old Fright! ſo trouble your Head no more about your Betters—I am ſo perfectly ſatisfied with myſelf, that I will not alter an Atom of me, for all you can ſay; ſo you may bottle up your philoſophical Waters for your own Uſe, or for the Fools that want 'em—Gad's my Life! there's *Billy Butterfly* in the Grove—I muſt go to him—we ſhall ſo rally your Wiſdom between us——ha, ha, ha.

The Briſk, the Bold, the Young, the Gay,
All hie to the Midnight Hark-away.

[*Exit ſinging.*

Æſop. Unhappy Woman! nothing can retrieve her; when the Head has once a wrong Bias, 'tis ever obſtinate, in Proportion to its Weakneſs: But here comes one, who ſeems to have no Occaſion for *Lethe* to make him more happy than he is.

Enter Drunken Man, *and* Taylor.

D. Man. Come along Neighbour *Snip*, come along Taylor; don't be afraid of Hell before you die, you ſniv'ling Dog you.

Taylor. For Heaven's ſake, Mr. *Riot*, don't be ſo boiſterous with me, leſt we ſhould offend the Powers below.

Æſop. What in the Name of Ridicule have we here—So, Sir, what are you? *D. Man.*

D. Man. Drunk, very——drunk, at your Service.

Æſop. That's a Piece of Information I did not want.

D. Man. And yet it's all the Information I can give you.

Æſop. Pray, Sir, what brought you hither?

D. Man. Curioſity, and a Hackney Coach.

Æſop. I mean, Sir, have you any Occaſion for my Waters?

D. Man. Yes, great Occaſion: if you'll do me the Favour to qualify them with ſome good Arrack and Orange Juice.

Æſop. Sir!

D. Man. Sir!——Don't ſtare ſo, old Gentleman——let us have a little Converſation with you.

Æſop. I wou'd know if you have any thing that oppreſſes your Mind, and makes you unhappy?

D. Man. You are certainly a very great Fool, old Gentleman; did you ever know a Man drunk and unhappy at the ſame time?

Æſop. Never otherwiſe, for a Man who has loſt his Senſes——

D. Man. Has loſt the moſt troubleſome Companions in the World, next to Wives and Bum-Bailiffs.

Æſop. But, pray, what is your Buſineſs with me?

D. Man. Only to demonſtrate to you that you are an Aſs——

Æſop. Your humble Servant.

D. Man. And to ſhew you, that whilſt I can get ſuch Liquor as I have been drinking all Night, I ſhall never come for your *Water* Specifics againſt Care and Tribulation: However, old Gentleman, if you'll do one Thing for me, I ſhan't think my Time and Converſation thrown away upon you.

Æſop. Any thing in my Power.

D. Man. Why, then, here's a ſmall Matter for you; and, do you hear me? Get me one of the beſt Whores in your Territories.

Æſop.

Æſop. What do you mean?

D. Man. To refreſh myſelf in the Shades here, after my Journey——Suppoſe now you introduce me to *Proſerpine*, who knows how far my Figure and Addreſs may tempt her; and if her Majeſty is over nice, ſhew me but her Maids of Honour, and I'll warrant you they'll ſnap at a Bit of freſh Mortality.

Æſop. Monſtrous.

D. Man. Well, well, if it is monſtrous, I ſay no more——if her Majeſty and Retinue are ſo very virtuous—I ſay no more:—but I'll tell you what, old Friend, if you'll lend me your Wife for half an Hour; when you make a viſit above, you ſhall have mine as long as you pleaſe; and if upon Trial you ſhould like mine better than your own, you ſhall carry her away to the Devil with you, and ten thouſand Thanks into the Bargain.

Æſop. This is not to be born; either be ſilent, or you'll repent this drunken Inſolence.

D. Man. What a croſs old Fool it is—I preſume, Sir, from the Information of your Hump and your Wiſdom, that your Name is—is—what the Devil is it?

Æſop. Æſop, at your Service——

D. Man. The ſame, the ſame—I knew you well enough, you old ſenſible Pimp you—many a Time has my Fleſh felt Birch upon your account; prithee, what poſſeſs'd thee to write ſuch fooliſh old Stories of a Cock and a Bull, and I don't know what, to plague poor innocent Lads with! it was damn'd cruel in you, let me tell you that.

Æſop. I am now convinced, Sir, I have written 'em to very little Purpoſe.

D. Man. To very little, I aſſure you——But never mind it——Damn it, you are a fine old *Grecian*, for all that [*claps him on the Back*] come here, *Snip*——is not he a fine old *Grecian?*——And tho' he is not the handſomeſt, or beſt dreſt Man in the

the World, he has ten times more Senſe than either you or I have——

Tay. Pray, Neighbour, introduce me.

D. Man. I'll do it——Mr. *Æſop*, this ſneaking Gentleman is my Taylor, and an honeſt Man he was, while he lov'd his Bottle, but ſince he turn'd *Methodiſt*, and took to preaching, he has cabbag'd one Yard in ſix from all his Cuſtomers; now you know him, hear what he has to ſay, while I go and *pick up* in the Wood here——Upon my Soul, you are a fine old *Grecian.* *Exit* D. Man.

Æſop. [*To Taylor.*] Come, Friend, don't be dejected; what is your Buſineſs?

Tay. I am troubled in mind.

Æſop. Is your Caſe particular, Friend?

Tay. No, indeed, I believe it is pretty general in our Pariſh.

Æſop. What is it? ſpeak out, Friend——

Tay. It runs continually in my Head, that I am ——

Æſop. What?

Tay. A Cuckold——

Æſop. Have a care, Friend, Jealouſy is a rank Weed, and chiefly takes Root in a barren Soil.

Tay. I am ſure my Head is full of nothing elſe—

Æſop. But how came you to a Knowledge of your Misfortune? has not your Wife as much Wit as you?

Tay. A great deal more, Sir, and that is one Reaſon for my believing myſelf diſhonour'd——

Æſop. Though your Reaſon has ſome Weight in it, yet it does not amount to a Conviction.

Tay. I have more to ſay for myſelf, if your Worſhip will but hear me.

Æſop. I ſhall attend to you.

Tay. My Wife has ſuch very high Blood in her, that ſhe is lately turn'd Papiſt, and is always railing at me and the Government——The Prieſt and ſhe are continually laying their Heads together, and I am afraid he

he has perſuaded her, that it will ſave her precious Soul, if ſhe cuckolds a Heretic Taylor——.

Æſop. Oh, don't think ſo hardly of 'em.

Tay. Lord, Sir, you don't know what Tricks are going forward above; Religion, indeed, is the Outſide Stuff, but Wickedneſs is the Lining.

Æſop. Why, you are in a Paſſion, Friend, if you would but exert yourſelf thus at a proper Time, you might keep the Fox from your Poultry.

Tay. Lord, Sir, my Wife has as much Paſſion again as I have; and whenever ſhe's up, I curb my Temper, ſit down, and ſay nothing.

Æſop. What Remedy have you to propoſe for this Misfortune?

Tay. I would propoſe to dip my Head in the River, to waſh away my Fancies—and if you'll let me take a few Bottles to my Wife, if the Water is of a cooling Nature, I may perhaps be eaſy that Way: but I ſhall do as your Worſhip pleaſes.

Æſop. I am afraid this Method won't anſwer, Friend; ſuppoſe therefore you drink to forget your Suſpicions, for they are nothing more, and let your Wife drink to forget your Uneaſineſs — A mutual Confidence will ſucceed, and conſequently, mutual Happineſs.

Tay. I have ſuch a Spirit, I can never bear to be diſhonour'd in my Bed.

Æſop. The Water will cool your Spirit, and if it can but lower your Wife's, the Buſineſs is done—— Go for a Moment to your Companion, and you ſhall drink preſently; but do nothing raſhly.

Tay. I can't help it, Raſhneſs is my Fault Sir, but Age and more Experience, I hope will cure me— Your Servant, Sir—Indeed he is a fine old *Grecian.*

Æſop. Poor Fellow, I pity him. [*Exit* Taylor.

Enter Mercury.

Mer. What can be the Meaning, *Æſop*, that there are

are no more Mortals coming over; I perceive there is a great Buſtle on the other Side the *Styx*, and *Charon* has brought his Boat over without Paſſengers.

Æſop. Here he is to anſwer for himſelf.

Enter Charon, *laughing.*

Cha. Oh! oh! oh!

Mer. What diverts you ſo, *Charon?*

Cha. Why there's the Devil to do among the Mortals yonder; they are altogether by the Ears.

Æſop. What's the Matter?

Cha. There are ſome Ladies, who have been diſputing ſo long and ſo loud about taking Place and Precedency, that they have ſet their Relations a tilting at one another, to ſupport their Vanity: the Standers by are ſome of them ſo frighted, and ſome of them ſo diverted at the Quarrel, that they have not time to think of their Misfortunes; ſo I e'en left them to ſettle their Prerogatives by themſelves, and be friends at their leiſure.

Mer. What's to be done, *Æſop?*

Æſop. Diſcharge theſe we have, and finiſh the Buſineſs of the Day.

Enter Drunken Man *and Mrs.* Riot.

D. Man. I never went to pick up a Whore in my Life, but the firſt Woman I laid hold of was my dear virtuous Wife, and here ſhe is—

Æſop. Is that Lady your Wife?

D. Man. Yes, Sir, and yours, if you pleaſe to accept of her———.

Æſop. Tho' ſhe has formerly given too much into faſhionable Follies, ſhe now repents, and will be more prudent for the future.

D. Man. Look ye, Mr. *Æſop*, all your preaching and Morality ſignifies nothing at all——but ſince your

your Wiſdom ſeems bent upon our Reformation, I'll tell you the only Way, old Boy, to bring it about. Let me have enough of your Water to ſettle my Head, and throw Madam into the River.

Æſop. 'Tis in vain to reaſon with ſuch Beings, therefore, *Mercury*, ſummon the Mortals from the Grove, and we'll diſmiſs 'em to Earth, as happy as *Lethe* can make 'em.—

SONG.

By MERCURY.

I.

Come Mortals, come, come follow me,
Come follow, follow, follow me,
To Mirth and Joy, and Jollity;
Hark, hark, the Call, come, come and drink,
And leave your Cares by Lethe's *Brink.*

CHORUS.

Away then come, come, come away,
And life ſhall hence be Holliday;
Nor jealous Fears, nor Strife, nor Pain
Shall vex the jovial Heart again.

II.

To Lethe's *Brink then follow all,*
Then follow, follow, follow all,
'Tis Pleaſure courts, obey the Call;
And Mirth, and Jollity, and Joy,
Shall every future Hour employ.

CHORUS.

Away then come, come, come away,
And Life ſhall hence be Holliday;

Nor

Nor jealous Fears, nor Striſe, nor Pain,
Shall vex the jovial Heart again.

[During the Song, the Characters enter from the Grove.]

Æſop. Now Mortals attend: I have perceiv'd from your Examinations, that you have miſtaken the Effect of your Diſtempers for the Cauſe—you would willingly be relieved from many Things which interfere with your Paſſions and Affections, while your Vices, from which all your Cares and Misfortunes ariſe, are totally forgotten and neglected—Then follow me, and drink to the Forgetfulneſs of Vice.—

'Tis Vice *alone diſturbs the human Breaſt;*
Care dies with Guilt; be virtuous, and be bleſt.

FINIS.



